



# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
**OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.**

Vol. 11. No. 3. 2nd May, 1938.



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SYDNEY

Established 1858

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club  
157 Elizabeth Street  
Sydney*

Vol. 11.

MAY 2, 1938.

No. 3

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 7th May, 1938.

# The Club Man's Diary

This Easter season saw the return of the spirit and the spending on a gala scale of other times, whose munificence, many believed, had been cracked for evermore. It all went to prove what a wonderful country is ours to stage a recovery so amazing in so short a time. Comparisons with conditions still persisting in countries overseas show the rapidity of Australia's emergence from depression.

We count on a continuance of good times, but there are signals—which need not be specified here—whose significance should not be treated lightly in the stocktaking following our seasonal spree.

**AFTERMATH:** Doncaster and Sydney Cups:—

*When I went off to Sunday school  
In other years, a golden rule  
My teacher taught: "You will repay  
On that dread, coming Judgment  
Day!"*

*It scared me then like some great  
curse,  
But now I know of something  
worse—*

*When judgments often go astray  
At Randwick, there comes Settling  
Day.*

\* \* \*

*Ob, double, double toil and trouble,  
Straight out or tote it's boil and  
bubble—*

*My pair ran round the other way,  
And this, alas, is Settling Day!*

\* \* \*

We leave our politics on the doorstep when we enter Tattersall's Club, and thus respect an unwritten rule. So it is that, in his capacity as a fellow club member, we congratulate Mr. A. Mair on his appointment as Assistant Minister in the Stevens-Bruxner Cabinet. Starting out in life as a blacksmith in a Victorian country town, Mr. Mair rose to control two big businesses before he retired to take up country near Albury and became a sheepbreeder.

\* \* \*

Wonder whether Mr. "Bunny" Nagel remembers the days right

back when that good mare Phillis used to win the double for Harry Fox at meetings at the Toowoomba Turf Club?

\* \* \*

May birthdays: Mr. L. M. Browne, 4th; Mr. H. S. Bartley, 6th; Mr. Albert Abel, 31st.

*Let us gather round the table,  
Toast them: Bartley, Browne and  
Abel.*

*All come from a decent stable  
In the human race of life.*

*Brown and Abel, likewise Bartley,  
From the barrier jump out smartly;  
And we'll back 'em up and down,  
Abel, Bartley, also Browne.*

\* \* \*

Harry England's retirement, after 58 years a trainer, reminds me that I always regarded his first name as a misnomer. Merrie England would have better suggested his sunny character. Also, I think there must be some mistake about his age—or he is like a rare old wine, given a sparkle by the years.

\* \* \*

Mr. Walter Brunton never owned horses of the quality that carried the colours of his brother, John Spencer Brunton, to the front in two Metropolitans, an Australian Cup and an A.J.C. Derby, but he was as keen a racegoer, and, as an A.J.C. committeeman, helped to administer the sport at headquarters wisely. His death, last month, removed a quiet, dignified figure, a gentleman of the old school.

\* \* \*

Mr. Justice Evatt, of the High Court Bench, and admittedly one of Australia's ablest jurists, is off on a holiday tour abroad. Probably his itinerary will take in the cricket Tests in England.

During Mr. Justice Evatt's absence, his seat, as President of the Board of Trustees of the N.S.W. Public Library, will be taken by another member of this club, Mr. T. D. Mutch.

Reflections after the yearling sales:

*Who knows that in the yearling I  
bought  
Some Phar Lap may survive,  
reincarnate,  
an Ajax, Hua, Nuffield? Ab, but  
wait,  
The best of us betimes by Chance  
are caught . . .  
While some mokes win a fortune  
sporting silk,  
Yet others gravitate to carting  
milk.*

\* \* \*

*And, so, it is a case of "who's the  
trainer?"*

*In other circumstances, "Pass the  
strainer!"*

\* \* \*

Mr. Edward E. Hirst, chairman and managing director of the British General Electric Coy. Pty. Ltd., left last month on a business trip to England. He breeds horses and ponies at his country estate at Ingleburn, where his wife (who accompanied him) has bred notable Dalmatians.

\* \* \*

The directors of the London and Lancashire Insurance Coy. Ltd., and associated companies under the control of Mr. H. V. Reynolds, entertained him at luncheon before he left for Europe with his wife.

\* \* \*

One of the picturesque personalities of the Easter Show was Mr. H. R. Munro, who has lived the whole of his 77 years on his Keira estate, at Bingara. While his son, Gordon, has taken over the breeding of Aberdeen Angus champions, the veteran gives most attention to the Polled Shorthorn, of which breed the Munro family conducts the Gundabri Stud.

The Munro boys are notable polo players.

\* \* \*

In big, competitive business, it is not always so easy to retain the personal popularity with which one

hops off. However honestly one may plan to remain a good fellow, the demands of duty are apt often to ditch the best intentions; besides which there are always some persons pre-disposed to excuse their own incompetence by blaming the boss. So it is that the business chief who would not surrender his popularity without sacrifice of duty must be endowed with extraordinary understanding, tolerance, and tact.

Mr. Stanley S. Crick is one of those men. For 19 years he had been managing director of the Fox Film Corporation (A/asia) Ltd., until his recent retirement to enter other fields of activity. Throughout that long period his personal popularity never waned, and presentations he received during last month from the directors and staff of the firm, as well as from the staff of Fox Movietone News, provided proof of the esteem in which he was, and is, held.

\* \* \*

Mr. Bradford Potter and a number of friends have determined to see the world in a yacht, and we wish them bon voyage on this colourful adventure.

The only yachting episode in the life of The Club Man ended abruptly. We had trimmed the craft well and truly with liquid ballast, and set off in high spirits. Not a quarter of an hour under sail we were in danger of being rammed by a yacht flaunting a delightful cargo of girls. It was a case of going ashore and buckling

the 'board, or going about and ditching the girls. We choose the chivalrous alternative, and I shall never forget the gallant salvage work carried out by our crew when the order went forth: "Look to the ballast. Every man for himself!"

\* \* \*

Frenzied effort after the A.J.C. meeting of April 9:

*It's raining at Randwick . . . .  
And I droop into the dripping  
ring,  
Into the slushy ferment, where the  
sunshine spilt,  
In other days, wherever I had my  
fling,  
Its barded rays, haphazard, like my  
gilt  
Tipped from a wallet worn. Its  
shiny worth  
Spent like the raindrops fall'n, to  
remain  
Dead currency — but, getting  
down to earth:*

*I wonder who it is that tips the rain  
When sunshine may, according to  
one's bet,  
Bring fortune to a bard (or heavy)  
course? . . . .  
Perchance, it doesn't matter. Fine  
or wet  
I always seem to back the second  
horse!*

#### L'ENVOI.

*It's raining at Randwick . . . .  
Pennies from heaven? More; in  
coin and note  
I bear the constant drip in bag,  
on tote.*

Heard in the club: Two merchants were discussing insomnia. "Have I insomnia?" asked the first. "It is so bad that last night I counted 47,000 sheep before I went to sleep." "That's nothing," replied the other. "I counted 73,400 sheep, then sheared them, had the wool made into cloth, shipped it to England, and lost £1,000 on the deal!"

\* \* \*

Since the beginning of the year, Mr. J. H. O'Dea has had two weddings in his family—son Cecil in January, and daughter Roma in April. Each is a reminder, and a happy reminder, that old Father Time is for ever conspiring with Love, the grandest of all human sentiments, and, as manifest in wedlock, the most enduring, if it be entered into with sincerity and reverence.

The romance of marriage has often been shattered by human frailty, as it more often has been strengthened by human fealty and a faith linked with the spiritual. Nothing has ever replaced marriage; nothing can ever displace it.

Miss Roma O'Dea was married to Dr. Richard Flynn in the Sacred Heart Church, Rose Bay, on Easter Monday. The bride, a talented musician, has many compositions to her credit, and her "Ave Maria" was sung by Mrs. Moran at the wedding service.

The bridegroom, a Macquarie Street specialist, is honorary surgeon at Prince Alfred and Lewisham

(Continued on page 5.)

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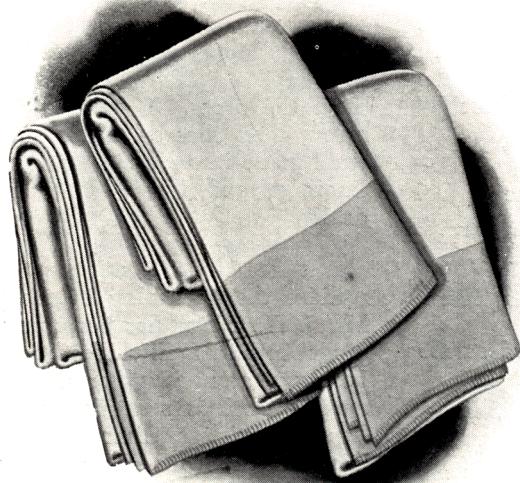
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## THE CLUB MAN'S DIARY

(Continued from page 2.)

Hospitals. He is one of seven brothers who graduated in medicine from Sydney University, one subsequently entering the Sacred Heart Order.

The wedding breakfast, confined to members of the families of the bride and the bridegroom, was held in Elizabeth Bay House.

\* \* \*

Mr. Alister Hayes, who died towards the end of April, liked the racing game, liked racing men and liked horses as products of fine breeding, as well as for the part they played in a sport with which he had been for many years associated, originally as a steward for the Associated Racing Clubs. Later, he acted in that capacity for the A.J.C. and the N.S.W. Trotting Club. Mr. Hayes was an able administrator. A keen judge of men, as of horses, he was frank and fearless, esteemed personally and respected officially.

\* \* \*

A love for the activities associated with the pastoral industry of Australia seems to be something handed down from father to son, and so, one ceases to wonder why it is that Rupert Moses, of Wandewoi, in the Singleton district of N.S.W., devotes so much time and capable attention to the management of that excellent grazing property. It is just as natural as that night

should follow day, because Rupert is a descendant of the famous Moses brothers of "Combadello" Station, Moree, N.S.W. It was there that Poitrel of Melbourne Cup fame was bred and born, and he was not the only race-horse of note produced by that one-time noted stud. Neither was this the only feature which distinguished "Combadello", for its stud sheep were noted for quality throughout the length and breadth of N.S.W., and for that matter, far beyond the borders of that State.

In his youthful days, Rupert was actively associated with the activities of "Combadello", and there, no doubt, laid the foundation of those sound station management principles which now serve him so well in the control of "Wandewoi". No doubt it was there too, that a love for a good horse developed, and still lingers.

Polo claimed him for a while, but with a keen business eye to the things that really count, nothing in the way of sport has ever been allowed to seriously interfere with the progress nor interests of his pastoral affairs.

### Business Genius.

An enterprising Canadian farmer of 68 advertised for a wife in the newspapers. He received 100 replies, and picked the best offer for himself. Then he sold the leftovers to the highest bidders.

—N.Y. "Herald Tribune" (U.P.).

## BELIEVE IT OR NOT—

*Possibly Not . . .*

First member: I hear that Shaw won the boat race.

Second member: When did Jack take to punting?

\* \* \*

The pair of them were down from the outback, celebrating with the celebrations. Between drinks, they strolled into a billiard saloon, where the polite marker explained the fine points of the game, adding: "A true gentleman never pots his opponent."

"Huh!" said Bill, "Dave's potted already."

\* \* \*

Recalling a tense moment when the table rocked:

*I sit in on a game of dominoes . . .  
And, half way through, one of the blighters shows*

*Us fives. "Ha, ha!" muse I, the villian sure connives.*

*Now, let—me—see. I gotta play the stone*

*Joe wants. It's plain I mustn't play alone,*

*But for my partner. So I'll close my eyes,*

*Pick one by chance. Then, to my sore surprise,*

*Ted shuts. Joe shrieks: "I wanted two's—great heavens!" . . .*

*Two's? I was all at sixes and at sevens!*



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# The Good Life

By Baron John Melville (in "The Spur")

"They never taste who always drink."—Prior.

The history of many liqueurs is quite fascinating. Some can be traced back to the days of the alchemists, who sought to transmute baser metals into gold, or who devoted their energies to the manufacture of those rather elusive elixirs of love, life and youth. Others find their origin in monasteries, where the worthy monks distilled and brewed their often admirable concoctions for the benefit of the weary and sick. Many of the herbs and spices used in liqueurs have definite medicinal and tonic qualities, although the advertising of such properties is, in this country, wisely prohibited by law.

The terms "liqueur" and "cordial" are used indiscriminately. Most all have a brandy or spirit base and are made from fruits or the extracts of plants and flowers. Some are distilled, others are made by the so-called infusion process whereby the ingredients are steeped in the brandy or spirit until all the flavour has been completely absorbed. They are sweetened to taste, and to many of them caramel (burnt sugar) or other equally harmless colouring matter is added for appearance.

A few liqueurs have attained a world-wide reputation. Of these, *Benedictine* and *Chartreuse* are outstanding examples. The formula for *Benedictine*, a closely guarded secret, was discovered in 1510 by the monk Dom Bernardo Vincelli, who studied chemistry at the Benedictine Abbey of Fecamp, in Normandy, France. The liqueur was so excellent that it was considered worthy of the supreme dedication, evidenced by the letters *D.O.M.* (*Deo Optimo Maximo*). During the French Revolution, the Abbey was confiscated and the monks were exiled.

In 1863 the manufacture of *Benedictine* was resumed by a descendant of a former attorney general of the Abbey, who had come into

possession of the original recipe. He built the present distillery on the very spot where the monastery once stood and in the same architectural style. *Benedictine* is made, as are most of the very finest liqueurs, with a base of an old cognac brandy and with a multitude of herbs and plants, some of which are grown in the neighbourhood of the distillery and others of which come from all parts of the world. In America, Europe and elsewhere, *Benedictine* is considered as practically indispensable after any formal dinner, when it is offered to the guests along with cognac and other cordials.

For my own part, I, being conservative in my tastes, consider it a pity to ruin such an excellent liqueur in the fabrication of any cocktail, however meritorious. Much sooner would I see it served in the traditional manner—neat, in small, one-ounce glasses. Two other methods of serving *Benedictine* without loss of flavour or prestige are to mix it with an equal amount of good old cognac brandy (the famous "B and B") or to serve it *frappe* (use a small glass packed with shaved ice, pour in as much of the liqueur as the glass will now contain, then sip through a small straw).

*Chartreuse* is unique among its peers in that it is still to this day produced by monks. On the steep hillsides of the magnificently beautiful French province of Dauphine, Saint Bruno, in the year 1084, founded the celebrated monastery of the order of Carthusian Fathers or *Peres Chartreux*. About eight miles from the monastery lies the distillery where, since 1860, the monks have made their famous liqueurs. The original recipe was given to the monks in 1605 by the Marechal d'Estrees, brother of the famous Gabrielle. It was perfected by Brother Jerome Maubec, and the

*Elixir Chartreuse* was created, used as a medicine for the neighbouring population and by the monks themselves.

Twice the Fathers were expelled from France; once during the French Revolution, and later as recently as 1903. Their first return took place in 1815, when they found their monastery in ruins and themselves penniless. It was then that the decision was made to exploit the manufacture of their liqueurs on a commercial basis. The first bottles were taken to the city of Grenoble by Brother Charles on mule-back. In 1848 some army officers were quartered in the monastery, and they found the liqueur so delicious that they promised to give it wide publicity. They kept their word, and little by little the fame of *Chartreuse* spread, not only over France, but throughout the whole world. Exiled a second time in 1903, the monks took their precious formula with them and found refuge across the Spanish border, where they set up another distillery. They were allowed to return to France in 1931, and have since resumed their activities at the old factory. At the present time, *Chartreuse* is made in both places, the products being absolutely identical. In the labels only there is a slight difference. However, once more the Fathers are in trouble, this time in Spain. When a recent shipment of *Chartreuse* came through, the cases were shot full of holes.

Of the three cordials manufactured by the monks the *Green Chartreuse* is the finest and most expensive. It used to be called the "Health Liqueur," is quite strong and has a wonderful suave, sweet and pronounced herbal taste. The *Yellow Chartreuse*, not quite as strong as the green, is the most widely used, but as the saying goes

(Continued on page 9.)

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## THE GOOD LIFE

(Continued from page 7.)



all *Chartreuse* would be green if it could. The third product, the famous *Elixir* made with more than 130 different ingredients, is more a digestive and is widely used to flavour tea and in other infusions. It is, however, not well known in this country. Prior to 1900, a *White Chartreuse* used to be made, even less strong than the yellow. It was called *Melisse*, but since its sale was very limited, its production was discontinued.

*Chartreuse* is served after dinner and rarely or never mixed with any other ingredient. A very pleasant mixture, however, is 1/3 green and 2/3 yellow, served in a glass slightly larger than the usual liqueur glass.

There are quite a few liqueurs of the same general type as *Benedictine* and *Chartreuse*, but none equal to them in either flavour or bouquet. Similar liqueurs, each of which has a reputation in its own right, are *Vieille Cure* and the altogether delightful *Raspail*, both made in France.

The best known British cordial, and a remarkably fine one, is *Drambuie*, made with a base of venerable old and mellow Scotch Whisky, honey, and a variety of herbs and spices. The history of this liqueur is a romantic one which goes back to that Stuart pretender, Prince Charles Edward, more familiarly known as Bonnie Prince Charlie. It was while this prince charming was staying at the French Court that a French genius created the liqueur expressly for him. When the Prince returned to Scotland in his attempt to regain the throne of his fathers, he was defeated at Culloden and all hope was lost. One faithful Scot, MacKinnon of Strathaird by name, hid the Prince and assisted him in escaping to safety.

It was to this Scot, while bidding adieu to his beloved Scotland, that the Prince gave as a souvenir the formula of his personal liqueur, *Drambuie*. It has been manufactured since 1745 by the same family without interruption. At first it was produced in very small quantities,

but as the demand grew, it has become the leading liqueur of the British Empire.

*Curacao* owes its name to a species of small orange, grown in the Dutch island of Curacao off the South American coast. There are four kinds of *Curacao*: Orange, White, Green and Blue. They vary from quite dry to very sweet in taste. The *White Curacao* is usually called triple sec, and the best known of this type is made by the famous French firm of Cointreau. The *Green Curacao* is quite rare (though not nearly so rare as the blue, which has a fascinating and magnificently bright blue colour) and is a recent innovation. It is very dry indeed. A celebrated Dutch cordial is Half and Half, made with equal parts of *Curacao* and *Bitters*. Other orange liqueurs are the Italian *Aurum* and the superb *Cordon Rouge* of Grand Marnier, made with fine champagne cognac and oranges, and having a really exquisite flavour.

One of the most popular of all liqueurs is the refreshing *Creme de Menthe*, served either neat or *frappe*. It comes in either Green, White, or less-known Red. Some of the best qualities are made from the Mitchem mint, grown in England. Most of the *Creme de Menthe* available in this country is either French, Dutch or American, although the English also have their *Peppermint*, less sweet and less strong, which is often used as a digestive and sometimes mixed with an equal amount of gin.

*Creme de Cacao* is very sweet and heavy with a rich chocolate flavour. It is made from *cacao* beans, some of the finest of which are grown on the famous Chouao plantation, near Puerto Caballo, Venezuela. It is available in two types, the better-known Brown and the White. Often it is flavoured with Vanilla. Ginger cordials used to be much in demand. In England they are still popular for both the *Ginger Brandy* and the *Ginger Whisky*. The latter, as the name implies, is made with a whisky base.

It is said that Gregorio de Lulla, an alchemist who believed that liquid gold would be a panacea for all evils, was the discoverer of that intriguing drink called *Gold Water*. There are two types: the French,

which is Yellow, and the German, which is White and called *Danziger Goldwazzer*. In both, small flakes of real goldleaf are suspended, which are quite harmless and are meant to be consumed.

Germany, Poland and the Baltic countries are famous for their *Kummel*, which is always white in colour, very sweet, and varying in strength. The main flavouring ingredient is the caraway seed, while the base consists of spirits distilled from rye or other grain. *Gilka Kummel* is world-famous and widely imitated.

A large group of cordials are flavoured with anis. The French have their *Anisette*, the Spaniards their *Ojen* (named after a city not far from Malaga), while Greece is famous for its *Ouzo* as well as its *Mastika*, the latter made with a species of gum. *Absinthe*, one of the most fascinating and exciting cordials, is no longer procurable, for its manufacture and sale are prohibited by law in the United States and in most European Countries.

Of the many harmless *Absinthe* substitutes, *Pernod* is by far the best known, but there are many others such as *Oxyxgenee*, the above-mentioned *Ojen* and a few domestic products manufactured in New Orleans. None of these should be imbibed straight. Rather, a certain ritual must be observed. One should have an *Absinthe* glass and dripper that fits on top of the glass. A lump of sugar is placed over the drip hole, and half the dripper is filled with thinly cracked ice. From one and one-half to two ounces of the liqueur is then poured over the ice and just enough cold water to cover it. When everything has dripped through to the lower glass, the dripper should be removed and the drink is ready.

Less dramatic specialties, but intriguing for other reasons, are such cordials as the famous Holland *Advocaat*, made from brandy, sugar and eggs, which is consumed either neat or with hot milk. It is really a bottled brandy eggnog, and as nutritive as it is invigorating. Sweden has its *Swedish Punch*, with a base of *Arrack* which is pleasing and very exotic in taste. *Parfait Amour*, supposedly an aphrodisiac, is either a tutti frutti liqueur and purplish

(Continued on page 20.)

# Carbine Blood and A.J.C. Plate Winners

By A. Knight (Musket)

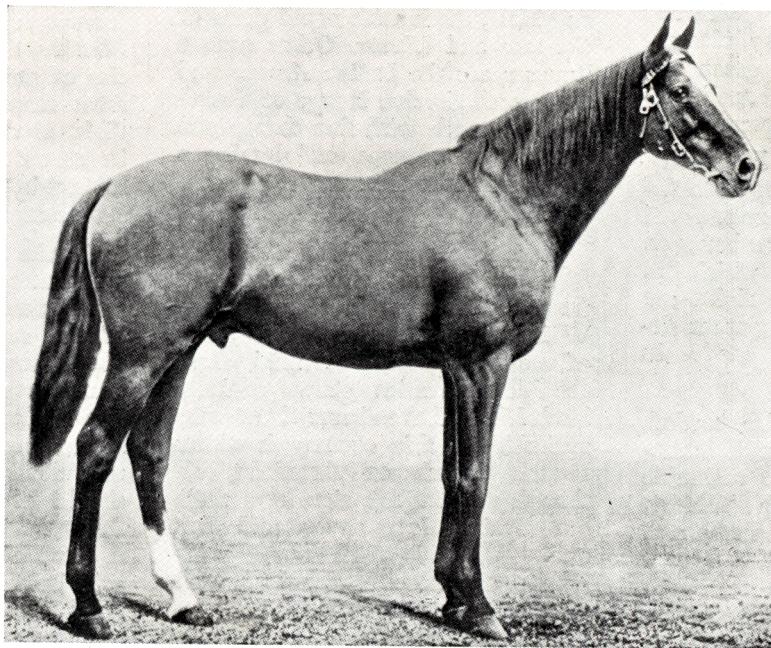
The influence exerted by the Musket horse Carbine in the long-distance races at the recent A.J.C. Autumn meeting emphasises what a tragedy it was when that mighty horse left these shores to join St. Simon, at Eaton Lodge Stud, England. On April 13, 1895, he was shipped to the Old Country from Port Melbourne in the steamer "Orzaba;" and his loss to the Australian blood-stock world, where stayers are concerned, was illustrated during Easter week, as all four long-distance races were won by his descendants, while Cathartes, another of the breed, dead-heated with John Wilkes in the St. Leger. The Buzzard, an imported horse by Spion Kop, was the sire of the five mentioned—Cathartes (dead-heat for first in St. Leger), L'Aiglon (Sydney Cup, 2 miles), Old Rowley (Cumberland Plate,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles, and A.J.C. plate,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles), and Gay Knight (Dangar Handicap, 1 mile 5 furlongs). With ordinary luck, the double of Doncaster Handicap would also have been credited to the house of Carbine, as Buzalong, who finished fast to gain third place in the former race, was bleeding freely from one of his legs on returning to scale, and this mishap prevented him from racing again at the meeting, so it must have been severe.

With regard to the A.J.C. Plate, the longest race at the meeting, the influence of Carbine in this particular race is of outstanding merit. In 1889-90-91, Carbine won this race himself when the distance was three

miles, and on the first two occasions he won the All-aged Stakes (as it was then called) of 1 mile, demonstrating what an all-round champion he was. His first great son was Wallace, who ran third in the Plate to Harvester and Fort in 1896; but two years later, Carbine's son, Amberite, was successful. In 1899, the St. Swithin horse, Merloolas, was successful, but the only

was successful in the V.R.C. Champion Stakes, 3 miles.

But, while Wallace could only run third in the A.J.C. Plate, he won several long-distance races in Victoria, including a dead-heat with Quiver in the Champion Stakes. Later on, he became the sire of two sons who won the Plate, Emir winning in 1905, and Trafalgar in 1909, and then, after missing a year, in 1911-12. Probably no better stayer than Trafalgar ever graced the Australian turf, and he was quite as great an idol with the Victorian racing public as his illustrious grandsire. A story was told regarding the time Trafalgar was retired from the course to the paddock. A clergyman was being farewelled one night at the Spencer Street Station, and many of his parishioners were there to say good-bye, when it became known that Trafalgar was also on the train, immediately the people who had come to bid fare-



CARBINE. Bay horse, bred in 1885 by the New Zealand Stud Company.  
By Musket (imp.)—Mersey (imp.).

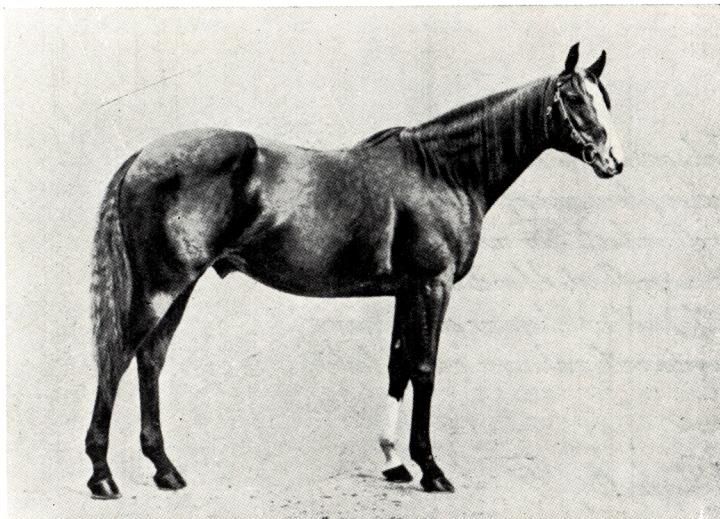
horses capable of opposing Merloolas over three miles were Lee Mafford, Clarion, and Rifleite, all sons of Carbine, and they finished in that order. Next year and the year following, a daughter of the mighty son of Musket was too stout for the horses of the sterner sex. This was La Carabine, a rather mean-looking mare, who belied her looks by winning comfortably by five lengths on the first occasion, and on the previous Monday had won the Sydney Cup, while a month earlier she was first home in the Australian Cup,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles; and the following season

well to the clergyman made for Trafalgar's box, and the stout-hearted son of Wallace was given a rousing send-off. Wallace Isinglass, another son of Wallace, ran second to the imported horse Lanius in the Plate of 1918; and from then until this year no direct representative of the line was successful. But there are two other winners who trace back to Carbine through their maternal lines. Night Raid, the sire of the phenomenal Phar Lap, who won in 1930, was from the Spearmint mare Sentiment; and Rapine, the 1924 win-

ner, was from Pineta, another daughter of Spearmint, who was the greatest horse sired by Carbine in England; in fact, he was the very best three-year-old of his time, winning the English Derby, and then crossing the Channel to win the Grand Prix de Paris. He then sired a Derby winner in Spion Kop (sire of The Buzzard), and Spion Kop sired Felstead, the English Derby winner of 1928. A remarkable incident concerning Spear-

six St. Legers; and on two occasions his Derby winners were fillies, Lady Wallace in 1905 and Wilari in 1911. Then there were two Melbourne Cup winners in Kingsburgh and Patrobas, while Trafalgar ran second, and Mountain King, Aberdeen, and Wallace Isinglass were third in their respective years.

Spearhead, another son of Spearmint, was the sire of a mighty stayer in Spearfelt, who ran third in the



SPEARMINT.

*Bay horse, bred in England in 1903, by Carbine—Maid of the Mint. He won the English Derby and Grand Prix de Paris, and has sired many famous sons and daughters*

mint and his son and grandson in the Derby is that Spearmint won in record time, reducing the figures from 2 min. 39 3-5 sec. to 2 min. 36 4-5 sec.; Spion Kop won in 2 min. 34 4-5 sec.; and Felstead equalled the time of Spion Kop, which, at the time the latter won, was the record time for any Derby run at Epsom, though it was run in faster time during the war, when the great classic was decided at Newmarket.

Sufficient has been advanced to show what a stout line of blood Carbine has been responsible for, but the record of his son Wallace as a sire is almost unique as far as Flemington is concerned, where his get won six Derbies, six Oaks, and

Melbourne Cup as a three-year-old, and two years later was the winner, as well as of the Australian Cup the same season; and is now a sire of stayers in Queensland.

The blood of Carbine has, therefore, exerted a remarkable influence where stamina is concerned, and the presence of The Buzzard has revived it in most pronounced fashion. The remark is often expressed that the stayers of to-day are not equal to those of the past; but it has to be remembered that the going was very dead at Randwick on April 23, and yet Old Rowley made all the running to win in 4 min. 4½ sec.—very good time considering the state of the track.

## Handball

The Handballers held their Annual Dinner and Presentation of Prizes under the chairmanship of Mr. W. W. Hill and the big event of the night was a farewell presentation to the father of the handballers, "Billy" Williams, who left by the "Orcades" on a world tour.

Trophies presented were:—

Club Championship—A. S. Block.  
"B" Grade Championship—J. Stanford.

'C' Grade Championship—D. Lake.  
"Searcy" Cup, 1937—E. E. Davis.  
"Searcy" Cup, outright—A. S. Block.

Officers elected for 1938 were:—

Hon. Sec.-Treasurer, A. S. Block.

Handicapper, W. A. Tebbutt.

During the season the Club, "B" and "C" Grade Championships will be played at the conclusion of the Handicap Tournament which is now being played. A handicap for evening players is also to be started soon.

Handicaps for the present Tournament are: E. E. Davis and A. S. Block, owe 10; W. A. Tebbutt and K. Hunter, owe 8; A. E. Rainbow and J. Pooley, owe 4; P. J. Hernon, owe 3; A. J. Moverley, owe 2; E. Pratt and N. E. Penfold, owe 1; J. Stanford and L. Israel, scratch; E. T. Penfold, A. Pick and N. Conroy, 1; B. Hodgson, J. Buckle, R. Pollard and R. H. Curtis, 5; G. Goldie and W. G. Buckle, 6; J. N. Creer and C. Godhard, 7; D. Lake and B. Levy, 8; T. A. J. Playfair and W. S. Edwards, 9; E. Rein and R. C. Wilson, 10; W. C. Allen, H. Robertson and Dr. W. Ingram, 12; N. Barrell, 16; R. Morton, A. Lawton, P. Fynmore, G. Pratten, E. Bergin, E. Pratten and R. Colyer, 18.



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20 FOR 1'6

# LLOYD'S of LONDON

(From Charles Graves)

When it was suggested that I should write an article about Lloyd's I thought it would be a simple matter. It seemed easy to ask my various friends who are members of Lloyd's what it costs to become a member, what securities you have to set aside as a personal guarantee of your ability to pay losses, what is the difference between being an underwriter, an agent, a substitute, and a deputy, what you pay annually for the specialised information you receive as a member about departures and arrivals of ships, and what the civil war in Spain and the Japan-China struggle were costing.

In my enthusiasm I also thought it would be easy to find out the biggest "lines" ever written by individual underwriters, the number of members of Lloyd's as well as the names of the big syndicates. I have never been so baffled in my life. I drank cocktails at the Savoy bar with four members of Lloyd's, lunched with another, and played squash racquets with a sixth. Each of them threw up a smoke cloud.

Members of Lloyd's, I discovered, dislike and even resent any publicity about their financial affairs. It makes one suppose that they are doing better than is desirable for the public to presume. It was therefore, with the greatest difficulty that I extricated the figure of something between £25,000,000 and £40,000-000 for which Lloyd's as a whole has rendered itself liable in Spain. Policies which were taken out on January 1, 1936 (four months before the civil war began) have become distinctly vexatious to certain syndicates.

It is almost impossible for assessors to approach the actual places where the alleged losses and damage have been sustained. Those policies, which included "war, riots and civil commotion" do not necessarily render the underwriters open to claims in connection with civil war. It is

The World Centre of Insurance—  
Marine and Otherwise — which  
Deals in Such Immense Sums and  
Guards its Secrets so Closely, Re-  
ceives a Visit.

surely arguable that when German

surely arguable that when Germans, Russians, Italians, Frenchmen and others are fighting on different sides the situation has ceased to be a civil commotion; and yet—belligerent rights not having been recognised by the Powers—it is not a war. And yet again, it is long past being a riot.

Taking a step further, how can the underwriters at Lloyd's know whether any particular house, home-  
stead, factory or other property of an agreed value has not been burnt or otherwise destroyed by the owner thereof with deliberate intent to defraud? In the case of international companies—I had better mention no names—which have or had factories or warehouses full of their products in Spain, the position may be different from the property of individuals when and if claims are made. One thing is certain, numbers of law cases are bound to be fought over Spanish policies.

It was, however, some months ago that an agreement between the insurance companies and the underwriters at Lloyd's forbade the acceptance of any war risks except those in the United States and Canada. As a result of this, the trouble in China is not causing members of Lloyd's any particular anxiety. Lloyd's being pretty clear of liabilities over there. Foreign claims, indeed, are fewer than you might expect. For though France insures heavily with Lloyd's, the laws of Germany and Italy prevent outside insurance, the latter being duly regarded as a form of invisible import.

But come with me to Lloyd's. While waiting for the member who was going to show us round we take our seat on a leather-covered bench on the edge of the Room itself. As we light cigarettes to pass the time we hear a mellow voice rising and falling over the hustle and bustle like a canon ceaselessly intoning in

a cathedral, his voice rising at the end of each phrase. What he says is as unintelligible to us as low Latin to an Irish ploughboy.

We go on waiting. "Waiters" in scarlet with brown fur collars and tall, gold-braided, silk hats appear and disappear. Messenger-boys sit down on the bench opposite us. Important-looking young men, walking on their heels, hurry in and out of the Room. By craning our necks we can see a number of marble pillars and a coloured panel in the roof of the Room. Members in soft, black hats, hatless, in bowler hats, walk around cracking the jokes which used to originate in the Stock Exchange, and which now, since the temporary slump, have their birthplace in the Room.

At last our particular member arrives and shows us round. We see the caller ensconced under the Lutine bell and surrounded by carved wooden pillars designed like a tiny temple. His voice goes on rising and falling as we walk around and we are told that he is really calling out the names of brokers and other members who are wanted. The floor space is covered with what are technically known as "boxes". Each box contains six men, most of them scribbling furiously, while half-a-dozen others look over their shoulders. The scribblers are the underwriters. The men looking over their shoulders are the brokers, in other words, the agents, who are offering them risks at a price to be mutually agreed upon.

On distant walls are telegrams announcing the very latest news of arrivals and departures of ships and the whereabouts of which are attracting attention temporarily. Elsewhere there is a huge book like a Bible in which the latest news of vessels sunk, on fire or ashore, are recorded. There will be anything from one to half-a-dozen of these

(Continued on page 14.)

## "LLOYDS OF LONDON"

(Continued from page 13.)

per day. Elsewhere again are the latest filing systems, giving red, black and blue hieroglyphics of the arrivals, sailings speakings and paragraphs of all the ships in the world, except men-o'-war. Beneath the Caller is a staircase leading to lavatories, telephone boxes, and a snack bar.

Meantime, our member is most anxious that we do not produce notebooks or show any sign of intelligent layman interest in our surroundings. It is therefore not until we leave the Room that we are able to ask pertinent questions and put down the answers to them. How many members are there of Lloyd's? we asked. Our member, who is joined by another, promptly has a bet of a fiver that there are more than 1,000 members. His friend accepts the wager eagerly.

What does it cost to be a member and how does one set about it? That is our next question. Apparently the answer is that, having secured six existing members of Lloyd's to propose your name, the Committee of Lloyd's decides on your desirability or otherwise. In any event you must be able to produce £7,500 worth of approved securities. You must also be able to furnish anything from £1,000 to £4,000 worth of other securities for what is known as the Premium Trust Fund, the average being £3,000. You may have as much as £100,000 at the back of you and may yet fail to be elected. On the other hand, you may have £10,000 and be approved. If you are there is an entrance fee of £250.

The £7,500 can be kissed goodbye until two or three years after your death. But in the meantime you collect the dividends from it, and you are a member now, in other words, a Name. Automatically you employ an agent to arrange for an underwriter (who is on salary and commission) to underwrite on your behalf. There are 120 of these experts or near experts. They collect the premiums on your behalf, and

then pay out the claims, also on your behalf, naturally taking a suitable commission for their expert co-operation.

Presumably, of course, you are not on your own. In other words you have joined a syndicate which may have anything from 20 to 180 Names like your own. That is, if it is a non-marine syndicate which you have joined as opposed to a marine syndicate, very few of which have anything like that number of Names. There is, it is true, a member of Lloyd's who does all his own underwriting by himself. And I am told it is a profitable business. He deals with risks that involve such small amounts that the big fellows cannot be bothered with them, and he is able to charge premiums slightly over the normal.

Of the big non-marine syndicates however, there are at least five leading concerns which take in premiums anything over £500,000 a year and pay relatively anything over £400,000 a year. This leaves, as you observe, a percentage in excess of the usual commercial undertaking, and is probably the reason why members of Lloyd's do not like too much limelight. For there is little doubt that membership of Lloyd's provides the world's best investment for those lucky enough to be approved. It must be remembered, however, that there is unlimited liability. Your house and all its contents can be sold up to pay the claims on you.

Since writing the above I have spoken to yet another member of Lloyd's. He was much more helpful. He told me that there are 349 syndicates and no fewer than 1,700 Names. The biggest underwriters are Messrs. Drysdale and Heath, followed by Messrs. Poland, Aubrey, Glenvill, Polbrook, and Cleland. The biggest brokers, I gather, are Leslie and Godwin, C. T. Bowring, C. E. Heath (again), Sedgwick, Collins, Willis Faber, and Bevington, Vaizey, and Foster. He told me that every Name can expect to make at least a thousand a year, though this fact was afterwards hotly contested by yet another mem-

ber of Lloyd's. If the figure is right it means that a profit of nearly £1,750,000 is taken out of insurance by the underwriters each year.

This informant also explained to me the difference between a Name, a substitute and a deputy. A Name is an underwriting member; a substitute is somebody authorised by the underwriting member to write risks for him—in other words, a sort of opposite number to the blue button or Authorised Clerk on the Stock Exchange; a deputy is merely a deputy underwriting member.

To-day new members belong to two syndicates—a marine syndicate and a non-marine syndicate. You can, however, belong to three, though this is rare and would probably involve being a Name on a motor insurance syndicate. The Committee of Lloyd's, he also told me, consists of a chairman, a deputy chairman, and ten members. It is this Committee which runs Lloyd's, and therefore differentiates it from the Tariff Companies, whose rates are fixed by their constitution. I gather, further, that though non-marine insurance is a comparatively new feature at Lloyd's—and indeed, its chief pioneer, Mr. Cuthbert Heath, is very much alive—to-day it more than equals the marine insurance business.

You can, of course, insure anything at Lloyd's except life. And even in the case of life you can insure it against accidents over a period of twelve months. I know a man who took out a policy at Lloyd's against dying of small-pox. I think the premium was 2s 6d. for £1,000. It may have been even smaller. Since the Budget trouble, of course, rules are much more stringent now in that particular line of country.

A final point—Lloyd's must be one of the few concerns where your accounts are nearly always three years behind. This is inevitable in view of the necessity of assessing the exact claims, and it is nice to know that since the war there have been only two failures, even these being liquidated by the other members of Lloyd's.

## Pool Splashes

Following last month's discussion concerning the swimming speedsters of our club, arguments have been all the rage as to which of our members is the speediest over 40 yards.

There's only one way to settle such talk and that is to line the champions up and let them decide it themselves, so it is definitely announced that a 40 yards championship of the club will be held.

So get into real "nick" you stars and look for the official notification in the next month or so.

A few quite exciting tussles have marked the racing since the last issue of the magazine, and in all of them Vic. Richards has played a part.

In a terrific battle over 40 yards with Bob Nicholl, both off the same mark, Vic. was just beaten and Nicholl had to do the crackajack time of 19 3/5 secs. to land the bacon.

A week later Vic. took on our star, Bruce Hodgson, over 60 yards with a second start and again came off little the worse Hodgson being forced to do close to the pool record to win in 31 secs.

Not so long afterwards, however, the fortunes of the game made Richards give Hodgson a start in the second relay of a Brace Handi-

cap and he gave his opponent a shock by almost catching him.

Glamour man of the month was Alf. Pick who collected the monthly Point Score for March-April, the first trophy he's collected in the club and he's been a trier for a long time.

At long last we are happy to announce the swimming off of the long-delayed race that was hanging up a decision on the January-February Point Score.

The result gave Dave Tarrant and George Goldie a tie for the trophy which they will divide. Incidentally, they are the only previous trophy winners to land one this season.

Best times since the last issue were: 40 yards—19 3/5 secs., R. Nicholl; 60 yards—31 and 31½ secs., B. Hodgson; 33 secs., V. Richards.

### DEWAR CUP.

Two of the competitors for this valuable trophy have topped the century and Dave Tarrant has made up a bit of his leeway on Goldie, being now only twelve points astern and Godhard has crept up half-a-point, but Norman Barrell has fallen by the wayside.

With two and a half months racing to go before the final decision is made, none can afford to miss a race.

Points to date are: G. Goldie, 115 points, C. D. Tarrant 103, G. Godhard, 93½, A. S. Block, 90; V. Richards, 80; A. Pick, 79½; N. Barrell 79½; W. S. Edwards, 77; J. Stanford, 72; R. H. Curtis, 58; N. P. Murphy, 50½.

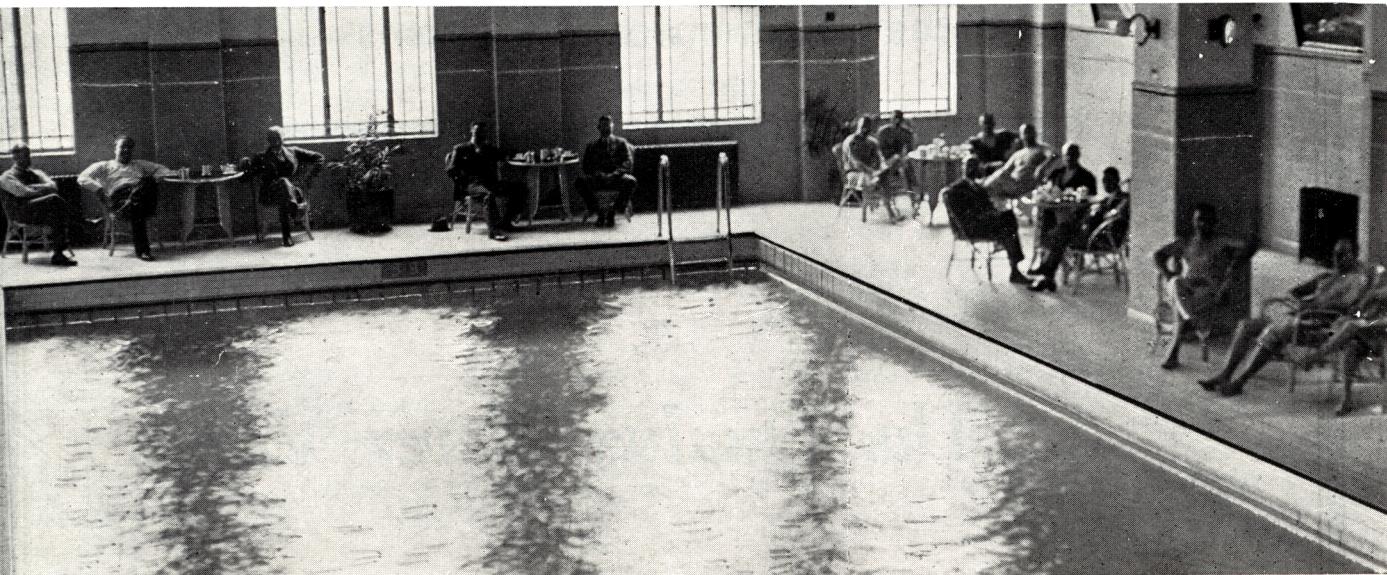
The improvement of pace in swimming was never more forcibly brought under our notice than some days ago when a friend, a prominent Queensland swimming man, related with indignation how some lad had, on seeing a photo on a bath wall, asked him, "who's this Keiran you've got up there and making such a fuss about?"

Our friend, an enthusiastic admirer of the late "Barney" Keiran, was struck dumb with indignation but he forgot that the enquirer was not born when the wonderful Keiran was swimming and a cold perusal of his times would certainly not cause any amazement when those times would only be second-rate, even in Australia, to-day.

Yet Keiran in his day was as far ahead of the rest of them as Charlton in his, probably further.

We wonder where all this time-breaking will stop. On the running tracks where man has always been more in his element than in the water, records over the longer distances are being shaded consider-

(Continued on page 20.)



*The Club Swimming Pool.*

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**HOUSE  
Whisky**

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# Billiards

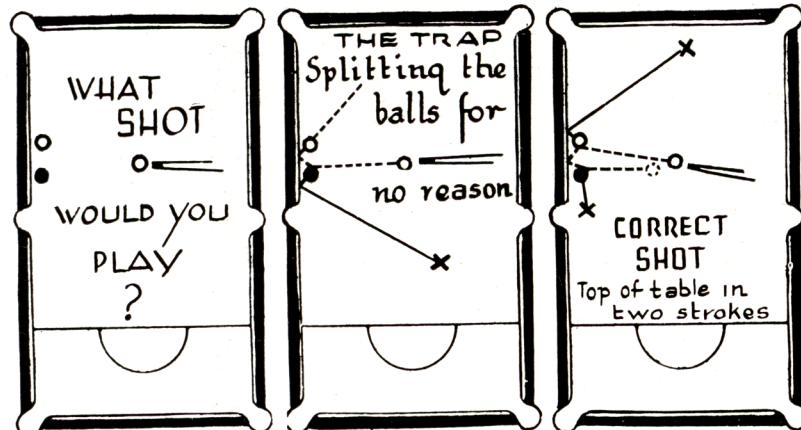
## Walter Lindrum Explains a Common Fault Among Amateurs

Overseas sparks have been flying in the snooker world. Joe Davis, doyen of multi-ball players, ran up another huge tally with 134.

There were some remarkable features about this break. Sidney Smith, who was opposing Davis did not have an opportunity of going to the table. Davis "broke" the balls, and potting a red, continued on to take the remaining fourteen, in between which he sandwiched nine blacks, four blues, one pink, one green, and then the colours in order.

a cue weighing anything up to 32 ounces! Strangely enough, the Canadian prefers playing exhibition matches round the clubs to serious competition games, but there is no doubt whatever about his quality as a player.

Once, in Sydney, the writer saw the table cleared in one effort. That was when English wicket-keeper, Leslie Ames, stated he would like to see the young Australian, Lindrum, in action. Incidentally, Ames is a particular friend of Davis and, no doubt, he wanted



It is quite safe to say that the first pot was a fluke. The diamond has been so designed that a pot-red is not ON for the opening shot, but, Davis would "come from behind" with plenty of power and in the smash-up a fortunate kiss would do the trick. Once in, anything can happen with champions.

### *The Quality of the Break.*

The quality of the break is depicted in the scoring colours. It will be noted that Joe did not travel below the centre pocket until the final red. Such magnificent control of the cue-ball is rarely witnessed.

There is another snooker artist operating in England about whom we know all too little. The player concerned is Con. Stanbury, of Canada, who recently knocked up 131 at Balnam Club (Eng.), by taking ten blacks, one pink, two blues, one brown, and all the pool balls.

Stanbury is the player who uses

to "run the rule" over the local champion.

After formal introduction, the balls were spotted, and Ames invited to have a game. He agreed with alacrity and "broke" the diamond. That was the last time he struck the balls. Horace took the lot in a break of 102.

### *Century Break Makers Scarce.*

Players capable of making three-figure runs at snooker are indeed rare. The amount of concentration necessary is beyond the limit most cueists are prepared to go. And it means very real concentration to hold the balls long enough. Every red must be played into position while another is being potted and the same applies to the colours. Champions never concentrate on one ball alone, except at the finish when only the black is left.

The real art in snooker is to be able to pot a given ball at any required speed, and thus cannon into other balls for positional pur-

poses—all too difficult for amateurs, who only play as and when fancy takes them. We can get ample pleasure from the game without setting our minds on century runs. Our members will fully concur in that.

### *Walter Lindrum Offers a Few Hints.*

Members who watched Walter Lindrum, world's champion, practicing for his title match against Clark McConachy, were amazed to see how the balls could be worked into ideal position quickly and with no apparent effort. Actually, the effort was there all right, but concealed because of previous study.

A diagram is reproduced to-day of a position from which Lindrum declares amateurs fail miserably. And yet, he maintains the obvious is so apparent that he is bewildered when the same fault occurs time and again.

It will be noted in the first diagram that the red and object-white are nearly hard up against the side cushion. Invariably the amateur plays off the red with the idea of working it across the table toward the centre pocket, but all too frequently the "cherry" drifts below the middle of the table, and a dangerous screw is the only alternative to follow.

### *Known as the "Flick" Shot.*

Champions refer to this stroke as the "flick" shot, and Walter Lindrum shows just what should be done in diagram No. 3.

A drag shot is played off the object-white with just sufficient pace to force it up the table in the direction of the billiard spot. Meanwhile, the red will be "flicked" down the table toward the centre pocket.

The pace on the cue-ball will be slowed down after contact with the first object, and the left-hand side imparted will create sufficient "life" to make the cannon and return to within a few inches of its starting point. A point well worth remembering is that the cue should be gripped firmly. Too light a grip will allow a swing which is fatal to good billiards.

Members who will be competing in the forthcoming club tournaments can study this with advantage. That is the thought behind the mind of the champion in this article.

# Never Eat Pink Pork

## CONDENSED FROM HYGEIA

(David O. Woodbury.)

This little pig . . . had trichinosis. Consequently when he went to market some of the people who ate him died. Many did not die but carried the infection in their bodies all their lives, for there is no cure. Some, wiser than the rest, did not get the disease at all, because they cooked the pig properly.

It is estimated that more than 10 million Americans have trichinosis. Prominent medical men and public health officials, acutely aware that they are the most trichinous country in the world, are taking definite measures to combat it, chiefly by circulating information as to proper habits of preparing food.

Contrary to wide belief, trichinosis is not a bacterial disease caused by rotten meat, but an infestation of otherwise sound meat by a tiny worm-like parasite *Trichinella spiralis*. The worms live in the flesh of hogs and breed there without causing their hosts any apparent inconvenience. They pass unnoticed even through the slaughter-house inspection, unless the carcass fairly swarms with them. The disease occurs mainly in hogs fed upon garbage containing already infected pork scraps.

When infected pork is eaten, the larvae of the worm lodge in the intestine, which immediately makes an effort to be rid of them. But

this action may not take place in time to prevent female parasites developing and producing young—500 or more apiece. These new larvae strike rapidly through the intestinal walls and are absorbed by the victim's blood stream. Eventually they lodge in his muscle fibres where they surround themselves with little capsules or cysts; there they may remain alive for years. It is these cysts which, if numerous, cause serious harm.

After the first intestinal upset, trichinosis frequently lies hidden for six months or more. When it finally comes to light it is far too advanced for treatment. Severe trichinosis causes intense pain and leads to general debility, fever and, it is believed, an epileptiform type of brain disease; death sometimes ensues. In mild cases the symptoms are occasionally mistaken for typhoid or rheumatism; useless treatments are often given. Only a complete blood count can be relied on to detect trichinosis in all cases.

There is no test for trichinous meat except by microscopic examination of each hog. Since this is not practical, the Government Meat Inspection Service cannot guarantee any raw pork as safe. The Government does, however, maintain a close supervision over certain pork products, such as pickled and salt pork, smoked hams and the

like. Stringent Government regulations are laid down for cooking temperatures, brine concentrations, refrigeration and other treatments which will definitely kill trichinae. But the Federal Government can inspect only meat destined for interstate or foreign commerce. Fully 30 per cent. of the meat we eat is prepared locally, either on farms or in small country slaughterhouses, and until all States enforce regulations similar to those of the Government, trichinae will have a free channel into our homes.

There is only one sure protection against the disease; *thorough cooking*. *Raw pork*—that is, pork not processed by smoking, pickling, etc.—*must be cooked until it is white clear to the centre*. Pink pork is dangerous and should never be eaten.

Special hazards lurk in hot-dog stands. To be safe, the customer should be sure either that the frankfurters he buys have passed Federal inspection or that they have been thoroughly cooked at the stand. Hamburger is also suspect. It frequently contains ground pork—and is often served so underdone that trichinae are not killed.

Trichinosis is a painful, dangerous and widely prevalent disease, but no one need contract it unless he takes stupid chances.

**For evening glow and morning freshness**

*drink . . .*

**SPARKLING CASCADE ALE**

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*Wiseman's Ferry, one of the best known features of The Great North Road.*

### THE GREAT NORTH ROAD

FOR a number of years after the fertile Hunter River district had been opened up, the only means of access was by sea, a method which must have been very inconvenient in view of the fact that only very small vessels were then in use for coastal trading, and were dependent upon the wind for motive power. The need for a road to the district was one of great importance to those who had settled there, and for the further progress of the district. To select a comparatively good route, and to construct a road through the extremely rugged country between the Hunter and Sydney, however, was no easy matter.

IN 1823 Major Morisset, of the 48th Regiment, walked overland from Newcastle to Sydney, taking nine days to reach Windsor from Newcastle. He gave a vivid description of the rugged nature of the country passed over in his journey of some 160 miles. In addition to the general roughness of the country, the Hawkesbury River presented some difficulties, and it was as result of Mitchell's survey of the district in 1829 that Wiseman's Ferry was selected as the crossing place for the road. In 1830 a road had been constructed to a point some twenty miles to the north of Wiseman's Ferry.

THE first Northern Road ran from the Windsor Road by way of Dural and Glenorie and Maroota to Wiseman's Ferry. In 1832 a nearer route was discovered by way of Fivedock, Ryde, and Pennant Hills, and then by way of Dural and Glenorie as in the earlier road. On this new route the Parramatta River was crossed near what is now Abbotsford, and resulted in a considerable saving of mileage over the first route.

THE descent from the high mountain range overlooking the Hawkesbury to Wiseman's Ferry presented enormous difficulties to the chain gangs engaged on the work of construction. When it is remembered that they had at their disposal only the most primitive means of handling the work, their accomplishment is made all the more remarkable, for the road running down to the Ferry had in many parts to be almost carved from solid rock. Great sections of rock had to be cut away, and, in other parts, enormous stone embankments, often from sixty to seventy feet in height, had to be built to support the road.

ON the other side of the river the ascent was almost as difficult; the winding road had to be supported for some miles by great stone walls and buttresses in addition to a great deal of work of excavation and building up. On both the descent and ascent from the river are to be found examples of the notorious "Courthouse Caves" of that district, where, in chambers roughly hewn from the rock, summary justice was meted out to the convicts engaged on the work.

SOLOMON WISEMAN actually established his ferry across the river some time before the construction of the actual road, and at first it was located further down the river, but as the result of Mitchell's survey in 1829 it was discovered that a more suitable position was available, and the Ferry was removed to the place it still occupies.

FROM Wiseman's the Great North Road proceeded in a generally northern direction by way of St. Albans and Wollombi to West Maitland, and to Newcastle, the greater part being through the most difficult type of country. The full story of its construction has not been recorded, but it must definitely be regarded as an achievement of the highest rank.

## THE GOOD LIFE

(Continued from page 9.)

red in colour, or sometimes flavoured with violets. *Falernum*, much used in swizzles and other rum drinks, was first manufactured in Barbados from an old formula, the ingredients of which were rum, syrup, and certain herbs and essences. Being mild and low in alcohol, it brings out the full flavour of the rum with which it is used.

The most famous of all Italian liqueurs is *Strega* (witch), a very sweet, golden yellow liqueur, resembling *Chartreuse* in taste. Another specialty is *Alpyflor*, which comes in tall bottles containing twigs and crystals and is made from Alpine herbs and flowers.

*Cordial Medoc* is not a wine, as some might think, but a well-known French cordial with a wine base. It is made in Bordeaux. *Sloe Gin* again, is not a kind of gin, but a liqueur with the main characteristic flavouring derived from sloeberries. It is very popular, especially in the summer, for the making of *Sloe Gin Fizzes*. It can very well be served after dinner, like all other liqueurs.

Of the many cherry cordials, England has its *Cherry Whisky* which has never been as well received here as the more usual *Cherry Brandy* or *Cherry Liqueur*. Denmark has its *Kirsebaer*, Hungary its *Wishniak*, while Italy produces its celebrated *Maraschino*, white in colour and with its peculiar tang, obtained by a special treatment of a certain kind of black cherry, grown only in Dalmatia. *Kirschw* is really a brandy, distilled from cherries together with their crushed stones. It is delicious by itself or in coffee (*Cafe-Kirschw*). Other regular fruit brandies are *Quetschw*, *Mirabelle*, *Slivovitz*, all three being plum brandies, and the altogether delightful and very expensive *Eau-de-Vie de Framboises*, a white brandy distilled from raspberries, with a delicate and incomparable flavour and perfume.

Typical American cordials are the well-known *Rock and Rye*, also used as a preventative and cure for colds, and the famous *Creme Yvette* and *Forbidden Fruit*, both with an international reputation.

## POOL SPLASHES

(Continued from page 15.)

ably, but in the water, minutes have been taken off the records in recent years.

They're away under the minute for 110 yards these days and its not a bit of good tipping they won't get under 50 secs.

### RESULTS.

March 17th—40 yards Handicap: R. H. Curtis (29) 1, R. Nicholl (21) 2, V. Richards (21) 3. Time 27 1/5 secs.

March 24th—60 yards Handicap: B. Hodgson (32) 1, A. Pick (44) 2, V. Richards (33) 3. Time 31 secs.

March 31st—120 yards Brace Relay Handicap: A. Pick and C. D. Tarrant (83) 1, B. Hodgson and A. Richards (68) 2, G. Dougall and V. Richards (72) 3. Time 83 secs.

April 7th—40 yards Handicap: A. Pick (27) 1, T. H. English (25) and A. Richards (23) tie 2. Time 26 2/5 secs.

April 14th—40 yards Handicap: C. Godhard (24) 1, C. D. Tarrant (24) 2, A. Richards (23) 3. Time 24 1/2 secs.

April 21st—80 yards Brace Relay Handicap: 1st Heat—G. Goldie and V. Richards (55) and C. D. Tarrant and C. Godhard (48) tie 1, G. Dougall and A. S. Block (47) 3. Time 54 2/5 and 47 2/5 secs. 2nd Heat—W. S. Edwards and A. Pick (48) 1, J. Miller and G. Brown (51) 2, W. Ford and J. Stanford (51) 3, Time 50 secs. Final result will be published next month.

Re-swim 80 yards Brace Relay Handicap: G. Goldie and J. Miller (62) 1, A. Pick and C. D. Tarrant (51) 2, L. Hermann and G. Dougall (46) 3. Time 60 4/5 secs.

January-February Point Score: G. Goldie and C. D. Tarrant, 21 points each, tie 1; J. Stanford, 19, 3; N. Barrell, 17, 4.

February-March Point Score: R. H. Curtis, 30 points, 1; A. S. Block, 20 1/2, 2; V. Richards, 19 1/2, 3; C. D. Tarrant, 16, 4.

March-April Point Score: A. Pick 26 points, 1; A. Richards, 23 1/2, 2; C. D. Tarrant, 21, 3; C. Godhard, 18 1/2, 4.

## Had You Forgotten?

Oftentimes a stray question will leave us floundering for answer. The human mind takes in quite a lot, but absorbs only about one-tenth.

There are many things we "have known" but have practically forgotten. Simple things, but yet important in their way. For instance:

The tune of our National Anthem, although entirely British and composed in 1619 by John Bull, has since been selected as the National Anthem of three other nations—Denmark, Switzerland, and, before the Hitler regime, Germany.

\* \* \*

Practically every member of the club plays cards. But, how many know the Kings are founded on historical characters? "Diamonds" represents Julius Caesar; "Hearts," Charlemagne, Emperor of the West; "Clubs," Alexander the Great; and "Spades," David, King of Israel.

\* \* \*

Bicycle (push bike) racing is so popular in France that big events create as much interest as do the Sydney or Melbourne Cups (turf) in this country.

\* \* \*

When pipe-smoking first became popular, on the introduction of the pipe in 1586, monarchs and noblemen employed men to "break in" their pipes for them.

\* \* \*

Although there are hundreds of different gambling games, only three—roulette, baccarat, and "trente et quarante"—are played in the Casino at Monte Carlo.

\* \* \*

A wealthy Egyptian potentate has erected luxurious living rooms, bathroom, telephone and electric light in a tomb which he has built for himself. He does all his reading there, even though hale and hearty.

\* \* \*

Within the City Area, the Lord Mayor of London ranks second only to the King, and takes precedence over other members of the Royal Family.

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## SYDNEY

### MAY RACE MEETING

# SATURDAY, MAY 7th, 1938

#### THE HURDLE RACE.

A Handicap of £250; second £50, third £25 from the prize. The winner of any Hurdle Race or Steeplechase after the declaration of weights to carry 7lb. extra. Nomination 10/-; acceptance 10/-.

ABOUT ONE MILE AND THREE-QUARTERS

#### THE TWO-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

(For Two-year-old Colts and Geldings)

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For Two-year-olds. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.

FIVE AND A HALF FURLONGS.

#### THE TWO-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

(For Two-year-old Fillies)

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For Two-year-olds. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.

FIVE AND A HALF FURLONGS.

#### THE FLYING HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £350; second £60, third £30 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £2/10/-.

SIX FURLONGS.

#### THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have not won a race on the flat (Maiden Races excepted) exceeding £50 in value to the winner up to the time of running. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

#### THE JAMES BARNES PLATE.

A Handicap of £600 and Trophy valued at £20 presented by James Barnes, Esq., to be selected by owner of winner; second £100, third £50 from the prize. Also gold mounted whip valued at £5 presented by James Barnes, Esq., to rider of winner. Nomination £1; acceptance £5.

ONE MILE AND THREE FURLONGS.

#### THE WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight 8st. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.

ONE MILE

**PENALTIES:**—In all flat races a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

Weights declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 2nd May, 1938.

Acceptances due before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 5th May, 1938.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time of starting and the time for taking nominations, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances.

157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

T. T. MANNING,  
Secretary.